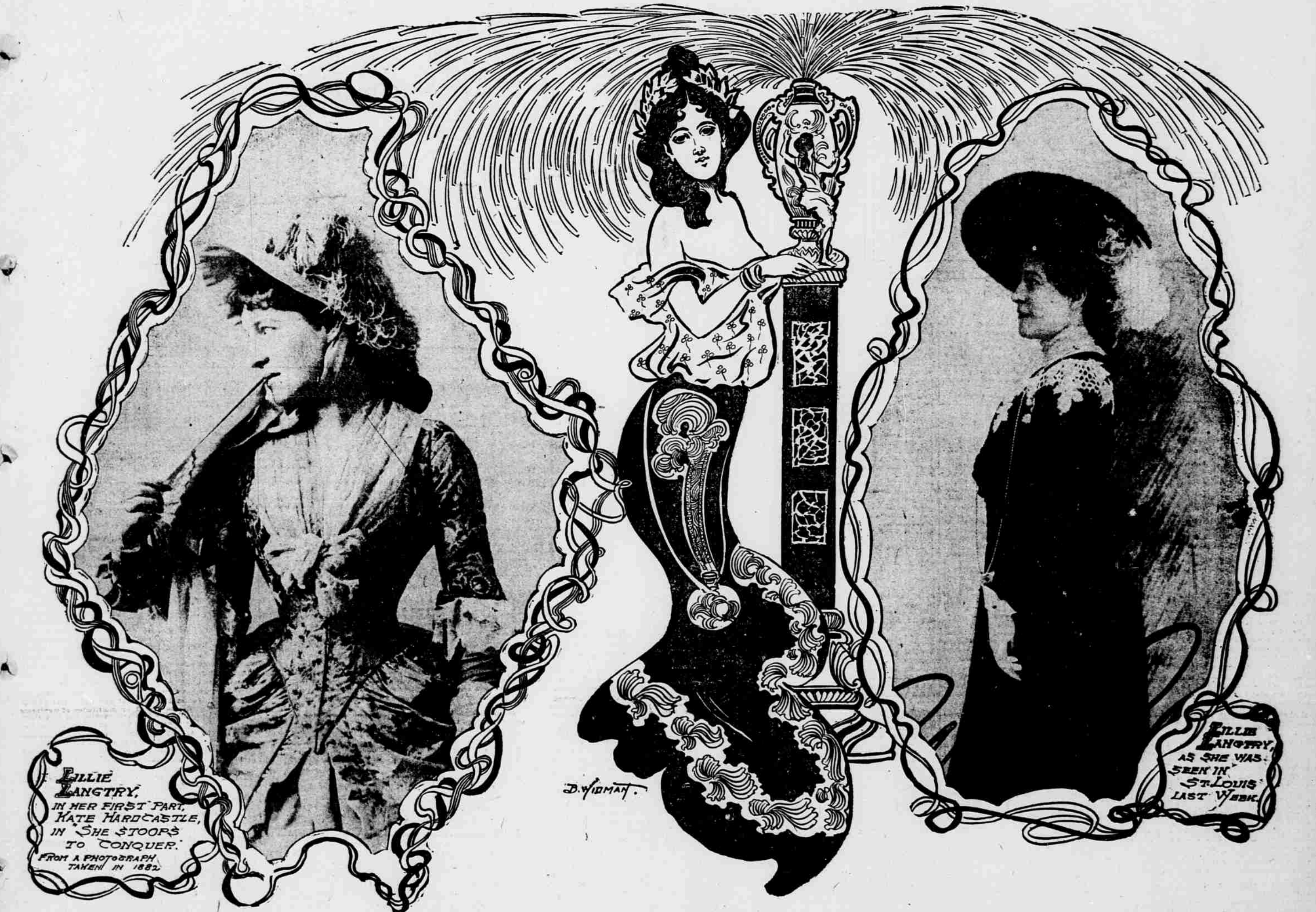


# Lily Langtry's Fountain of Youth

"My Profoundest Secret Is That I Have Learned to Live in Ease, Not Indolence, and to Keep My Thoughts Young."

Famous Englishwoman Who Appeared in St. Louis Last Week Tells How She Retains Her Beauty...

"Sunshine, Fresh Air Work, Exercise, Water and Soap, Plain Food and a Happy Spirit, Are Essential to Health."



**MRS. LANGTRY'S "FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH" RECIPE.**

Ease of body.  
Ease of mind.  
Ease of conscience.  
Eight hours of sleep every day.  
Water, never, except in aerated form.  
Light breakfast, consisting of fresh fruit, such as pineapple, oranges, baked apples, grapes, English breakfast tea; bread only in toasted form.  
Heaviest meal of the day at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. This meal consists of either broiled chicken, thick medium broiled beefsteak, juicy roast beef, South-down or Canada mutton, very little coffee, very little butter, and some light Burgundy, usually diluted with carbonated water; no pastry.  
Very light luncheon after the performance at night, and immediately afterwards to bed.  
Three or four baths a day.  
A walk in the open air every day, no matter what the weather is, lasting from 30 minutes to an hour.  
Three or four months' complete rest every summer.  
No cosmetics, except on the stage.  
No bother with anything which she can hire other persons to do.

## WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Around these chapters, comprising the most interesting turns in the life of Lillie Langtry, might be written an extraordinary story of elevation, degradation, pollution and restoration not of the greatest, but of the cleverest and winsomest actress that ever came out of England to reap a golden harvest in the United States.

Neither Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal nor Mrs. Patrick Campbell is quite as captivating, quite as unforgettable, to all that excites human interest in men and women alike as the Jersey Lily.

Nearing the fiftieth milestone, Mrs. Langtry is still a very beautiful and youthful woman.

In a clinging carriage gown of soft white cloth, a long loose coat of white, with narrow fur bands of a dark shade, a white hat on her chestnut-brown hair and a white veil over her face, from which every vestige of grease paint had been carefully removed, Mrs. Langtry came before me, defying any one to declare her more than 30 years old.

Her complexion is still a delight, a bit less of the rose in it than formerly, but the

old creamy whiteness remaining that made her so wondrous fair.

Her violet eyes have not lost their luster. Not a silvery thread is in her hair, which she wears in the same old fashion, the Langtry coil, for which she set the vogue on her first stage appearance, twenty years ago.

There is no better test of a woman's continued youthfulness than her ability to retain the color of her hair. Her lips have the old natural carmine, the cheeks have the old natural carmine, and there is not a trace of a double chin or the deep and heavy furrow between throat and chin, that almost invariably marks the woman of 30.

**NOW REHEARSING "MILIE MARS."**

A NEW PLAY.

Mrs. Langtry has had a strenuous time since coming to St. Louis, rehearsing every day her new play, "Milie Mars," a Napoleonic drama by Paul Kester, with which she is to open her Philadelphia engagement.

On Tuesday night, shortly before she granted this interview to a Sunday Republic reporter, she had fainted at the stage door of the Olympic.

In spite of this attack of exhaustion, she walked erect and with light and springing step into the Planters Hotel.

There was nothing to indicate weariness, save the tender blush shadows under the eyes, that might settle beneath the closed eyelids of a tired child. Any other woman after such an attack would have shown brownish-green rings down to the cheekbone.

The Langtry figure, straight and slender, is straight and slender still. The waist is larger, for, as Mrs. Langtry said, as she glanced at her photograph as Kate Hardcastle, her first stage attempt:

"No woman of to-day will ever pinch her waist as we did then."

Even her low speaking voice, full of earnest notes, is melodious as that of a young girl.

There is so little difference between the Lily of the early eighties and the Lily of to-day that one begins to wonder how she arrested time's disfiguring finger, that begins to dabble with woman's looks after the thirtieth year.

**OBTAINS NEEDED QUIET AT ANY COST.**

Mrs. Langtry's recipe is "ease," not "indolence." Ease in everything, mental, physical and material. Sleep, that best of all beauty doctors, is counted eight hours every day.

On the trip from Terre Haute to St. Louis Mrs. Langtry's private car was taken clear out to the woods, near Farmington, Ill., that the Lily might work quiet, uninterrupted sleep. This is but a sample of her ingenuity in obtaining the needed quiet at any cost.

Mrs. Langtry's diet is not of the abstemious, but of the moderate kind.

A light breakfast at 11 o'clock is her first meal. It consists of fresh fruit, such as pineapple, oranges, grapes, whenever they can be obtained, or baked apples. Very little coffee, toasted bread always, and a small cup of coffee, or English breakfast tea comprise that meal.

Then comes her walk, rain or shine. Her dinner at 5 o'clock is the one heavy meal a day, of which she partakes. Broiled chicken, rare roast beef, a juicy steak, and Southdown or Canadian mutton are the meats she eats. A small glass of Burgundy, usually Pomard, or a tumbler of that wine, diluted with aerated water, is her beverage.

Plain water never crosses her lips; the water she drinks is of the aerated order. Unfermented Catawba is also a favorite beverage with her. A very light luncheon after the performance at night makes the third meal.

**TWO MAIDS LOOK AFTER HER GOWNS.**

Several regular tub baths a day are a habit from which she never digresses. She does not bother about her dresses, stage or otherwise. Two maids, one an Italian, Beatrice, the other Emilie, an Alsatian, attend to all her gowns and gowns.

They pay for her meals in the diners; they tip the waiters; they do her shopping and handle the cash. Not as much as a dollar or two slip through the Jersey Lily's dainty hands in a week, while she is on tour or otherwise.

She believes in hiring persons who can take all those burdens off her fair shoulders. Her personal correspondence is done by her private secretary. Other communications and all bills are attended to by her manager, Harry Alward, who knows every detail of his business.

Members of her company never talk "shop" to her. A raise in salary to be asked, "kick" to be registered—it all goes to Mr. Alward.

Physical economy, mental economy, economy of all the vital forces, is the Lily's watchword and the elixir of her youth.

In the summer Mrs. Langtry goes to her estate on the Isle of Jersey. There she associates with the fishermen, walks barefoot in the wet sand of the downs for hours at a time, bathes in the sea and follows a Knopp cure of her own, which is based on the old belief that human feet should come in contact frequently with earth and water.

It is a bit strange that this actress and thorough woman of the world should thus go back for recreation and rejuvenating to the primitive pleasures and out-of-door life of her childhood.

**MADE HER STAGE DEBUT AS KATE HARDCASTLE.**

While physical care and culture have no doubt done wonders for Lillie Langtry's retention of beauty and youth, it does seem strange that the many sensations through which she has passed have left

her so buoyant and elastic a woman as she is.

Langtry is the vogue as much to-day as she was when the Prince of Wales smiled upon her in the late seventies. Her debut on the stage was made as Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." The late impresario, Henry Abbey, secured the new English star for an American tour. Her private car "Lillie," the Indian name for "Pilot," was a palatial home on wheels.

It was the first private car extant up to the time it burned down, a few years ago. "Squire" Abington's devotion to Mrs. Langtry was undoubted. His companions were prize-fighters; he was the promoter of Peter Slavin, and "Fistfulfanna" was his favorite realm. The Squire died suddenly of pneumonia in New Orleans, whither he had come from England with Charlie Mitchell for the Mitchell fight in the Crescent City.

After his death it was found that he had left to Mrs. Langtry his considerable fortune. This, joined to her own, made her a wealthy woman even then.

**RETIRED TO RANCH IN CALIFORNIA.**

For awhile she retired from the stage to her California ranch, purchased during the Gebhardt days, for the purpose of obtaining a divorce from Mr. Langtry. Shortly after she had divorced him, Mr. Langtry died.

Several managers controlled the business destiny of Mrs. Langtry after Mr. Abbey's most successful enterprise.

One of these was E. G. Gilmore of Niblo's Garden and the Academy of Music. The other was John B. Stetson, the pioneer manager of Boston, who died a few years ago. A good part of the time Mrs. Langtry managed her own tours with the same astonishing success that characterized the Abbey Itinerary, when in one week she played at the Baldwin Theater in San Francisco to \$30,000.

Wonderfully prosperous was her race-horse investment. Mrs. Langtry owns a string of thirty-five racing horses, seventeen of which are in training under Fred Webb, a former famous jockey. She was the first to introduce to the English turf the Australian horse.

Before her horse Merman, a wonderful speed machine, won the Cesarewitch, the

most noted race of England, an Australian horse was almost unknown there. Merman was Mrs. Langtry's own importation. He was entered, and long odds were laid against him. Mrs. Langtry backed him off the books, besides winning the enormous stake. The Jersey Lily was given an ovation, in which the Prince of Wales joined, conducting her personally to the clubhouse. Now half the horses in England are Australians.

**WEALTHY IN HER OWN NAME.**

Mrs. Langtry is one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest, women on the stage to-day.

She owns a large estate on the Isle of Jersey, her birthplace; a town house in London, a shooting box in Scotland, two country places in Surrey, a ranch of several thousand acres in California, near San Francisco, all clear and title free; good business property in Salt Lake City, and a magnificently appointed steam yacht.

Another private car, more elegant than her former one, is now being built for her, and she will make her next tour in it.

One of her principal possessions is the Imperial Theater in London. It is a lovely playhouse, and the name "Imperial" well fits its magnificence. Real marble and green and amber tapestries are used in the interior finish of the house.

A new system of lighting has been installed, sending down amber-tinted shafts from a translucent ceiling. The seats are of yellow satin.

The Langtry vogue has outrun twenty years. Milliners and dressmakers mill along to the Langtry name for their most exquisite creations. A town in Texas is named after her. It was at this place that Mrs. Langtry met the Texas cowboys, who worshipped her.

She entertained them on her private car, and they retailed by naming their small settlement after her. It is now quite a town.

A settlement near Los Angeles was christened Langtry after the Jersey Lily had become known in that region.

**WON PRIZE AS BEST DRESSED WOMAN IN ENGLAND.**

A year ago a prize was offered in London

for the best-dressed woman in England. The prize consisted of a magnificent set of furniture. Mrs. Langtry won the prize, and the furniture is the one seen in the first and second acts of "The Crossways." Mrs. Langtry's play, which closed at the Olympic last night.

After her debut on the stage as Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," which she played to best advantage on her first tour in America, the Jersey Lily played Lady Macbeth, Charles Coghlan, now dead, and Joseph Whillock supported her in that production, in which she outshone by far her society rival on this side, Mrs. James Brown Potter, who was then appearing in "Cleopatra" with Kyrle Bell.

When she presented "The Degenerates" three years ago Hilary Bell, a New York critic, described her as follows, in the part of Mrs. Trevelyan:

Mrs. Langtry's back is an epic drama; her front is a pastoral play; her face is a tragedy; her neck is old comedy; her hair is a modern work of art; her arms are emotional pieces; her voice is a Greek chorus; her gowns are marvels of scenic display; her shoulder straps are sensations; her courage is a climax, and her history is a plot surpassing that of author's invention. No dramatist has ever written a better play than "The Dean's Daughter," or "The Strange Adventures of Lillie," sometimes known as "Mrs. Jersey."

Mrs. Langtry is again personifying grace with British royalty, and her only daughter, the fruit of her blissfully ignorant happiness with Mr. Langtry, was presented to the nobility of the British realm under the chaperonage of an English Duchess, and with the gracious approbation of Queen Alexandra.

Hugo De Bath, a young and handsome English nobleman, who afterwards fought in the Boer War, made her his wife some time ago.

In private life Mrs. Langtry is now Mrs. De Bath, but in the eyes of two continents, and likely in a third before long, Australia, where she has never been, she will always be "The Jersey Lily."

Since Sir Frederick Leighton immortalized her on canvas, that name has clung to her as the most becoming to her beauty and style, as well as her birth place of that name.

## Veteran "Hoodoo Man" Who Was Hoodooed.

An Instance of Negro Superstition in the South.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic, Macon, Mo., March 20.—"The greatest 'conjure-man' that ever practiced among the negroes of Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama was 'Doctor George Jones,' remarked the Reverend A. F. Jenkins, pastor of the African M. E. Church, at Keota, mining camp. 'No man was better known by the race in those States, or more admired by some. Doctor Jones' greatest strength was with the ignorant but pliant old people. I was in charge of a church at Vicksburg when I met him. He was between 65 and 70, and had a smattering of big words that were accepted as evidence

of wisdom by his dupes. The fellow was densely ignorant. I told my congregation to let him alone.

"He threatened to call down witches of destruction on me. Some of my members became alarmed for my safety, and begged me not to expose myself to his wrath. I met him in a crowd one day, and in the hopes of convincing our people that he was a humbug, defied him and all his witches, at the same time taunting him with his inability to produce them.

"But he was too adroit. He said he would give me a little while to repent, and if I refused to do so, I would be struck dead—next year some time.

"The listeners believed he could have killed me with a bolt of lightning right then and there if he wanted to, but refrained out of the generosity of his heart and respect for their feelings. The incident strengthened his sway.

"The lady with whom I boarded—Mrs. Hopkins—was intensely religious, but, alas, believed in the 'conjure-man.' She was unlettered and unlucky.

"Her pet calf died without apparent ailment. One of her children met with a serious accident on the railroad, and a heavy windstorm upended her barn. At the end of a train of disasters like these the 'conjure-man'—tall, pompous and all powerful—came to town. Mrs. Hopkins flew to him and for thirty hard earned dollars procured a charm warranted not only to ward off ill luck, but to bring good fortunes of which she had not dreamed.

"She came home delighted with her bargain. She showed it to me, and said she would not take \$50 for it. Fact is, I believe she wouldn't have been satisfied with \$500 in exchange for the wonderful talisman.

"Of course I had talked to her about the quack and she listened respectfully enough, but I saw she regarded me as a mere man, and unable to appreciate one in touch with the spirits.

"She was suddenly called out of the room. In her haste she left her treasure on the table. The idea occurred that here was an opportunity to destroy her faith in the

humbug doctor. I slyly ripped open the sack. A tiny scrap of birchwood and a slice of raw Irish potato were the magical properties for which my landlady had put up \$50. I put them in my pocket, and filled the sack with little sticks of wood and pieces of paper and removed, at the same time, had been cautioned on penalty of destroying the potency of the charm to never open it.

"Mrs. Hopkins was supremely happy for three days. Nobody had been sick; the chickens and stock thrived; nothing had gone wrong. I thought I would wait until the week was up, and then tell her her charm had been removed, at the same time pulling it out and showing it to her. But the day before the old cow got caught in a cattle guard, and the lightning express did the rest.

"Fearfully Mrs. Hopkins went to the 'conjure man.' I accompanied her. Adjusting his goggles the old charlatan reached for the sack and solemnly examined it.

"Shore yer bin wearin' dat on de left side!"

"Indeed she had."

"Yer didn't let de debil see hit?"

"She declared the devil hadn't been within gunshot range of the house since her husband died."

"Hit's mighty strange," he mused. He then took his knife and ripped open the sack. The alarming discovery of the substituted contents was made. No wonder the old cow got killed. In severe language he told Mrs. Hopkins he had played him false.

"The poor soul protested she had not opened the sack. I shouldered the blame and was raked on both sides as a consequence. He said in that sack was a powerful herb that had been gathered from dead man's island, in some ocean, in the 'clipse of sun.' I told him it was a slice of potato stolen from some white man's house in the dark of the moon.

"I saw my visit was of no avail. My reputation with the landlady would have been better had I stayed at home. When the doctor agreed to replenish the sack with good luck fruit for \$5—\$25 out, because the loss of the contents was not her fault

—she gladly consented. I offered her the stuff I had taken out of the sack, but she spurned it as adding ridicule to injury. She left thoroughly happy and professing gratitude to the smirking humbug.

"Hers was an abiding faith."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS IN REGARD TO PHYSICAL CULTURE.

BY MARION MARTINEAU.

My Dear Mrs. Martineau: I cannot begin to tell you how very much I have enjoyed your articles in The Republic. They have been so much help to me that I am going to impose on your good nature and ask for the aid you have so kindly offered to troubled women.

I am 25 years old and my hair is turning gray as rapidly that before I am 30 it will be gray all over. I think it is hereditary, as my father was gray-haired before he was 30. I do not mind it so much. I rather like gray hair on a young face, but my husband does, and he is constantly bewailing it. Now, my hair is brown, without a bit of gold in it, and it is certainly becoming. If it were a light brown it would make a world of difference in my looks, so I am going to ask how I can lighten it without using peroxide of hydrogen. Anything but that! It is too perceptible. I should like to have it just an even shade of light brown. Sincerely, M. T.

Of course, there are many ways by which you might change the color of your hair, but it would not be advisable to you to resort to any of them. In fact, gray hair is very becoming to a young lady and it would be ridiculous for you to try to change nature's smiling course.

E. G.—There is nothing that will take the place of the electric needle.